The Summer Girl.

Sing me a song with the flowers that will bloom for
She's coming with the breezes that will blow
along the shore.
The April showers, her ringlets and will tinge her
cheeks with brown,
While he who loves her madly grapples fate and
Will guess and knew the footsteps of the sprightly
summer girl.

When robin redbreast hops around while yet 'tis
early dawn,
And music lovers dot the green of grassy field
and lawn,
We'll see her dressed in percale, with a walking
stick in hand,
And in her brother's necktie will she stroll along
the sand,
And where the crowd is thickest in the summer
hotel whirl,
Will bloom once more the beauty of the charming
summer girl.

With glossy collar shining in the light of sunnier days,
With vest ash and blazer we will learn
anew her ways.
Young Cupid will instruct us how to pierce the
thin disguise
Of masculine attire the hides the maiden heart
we prize,
And when once more we claim her as the summer's priceless pearl,
We'll hail the smiling features of the jolly summer girl.
—*Tom Masson.*

The Pneumogastric Nerve.

Upon an average, twice a week,
When anguish clouds my brow,
My good physician friend I seek
To know "what ails me now."
He lays me on the back and chest
And scans my tongue for bile,
And lays an ear against my breast
And listens there awhile.
Then he is ready to admit
That all be can observe
Is something wrong inside, to wit:
My pneumogastric nerve!

Now, when these Latin names wit
Despepticbulks like mine
Go wrong, a fellow should begin
To fear what's called the line.
It seems, however, that this same,
Which in my bulk abounds,
Is not, despite its awful name,
So fatal as it sounds.
Yet, of all torments known to the,
I'll say without reserve—
There is no torment like to thee,
Thou pneumogastric nerve!

This subtle, envious nerve appears
To be a patient foe—
It waited nearly forty years
Its chance to lay me low!
Then, like some withering blast of hell
It struck this guileless bard,
And in that awful hour I fell
Prodigious far and hard.
Alas! woe things I dearly love—
Pies, pudding and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the venomous ire of
All pneumogastric nerves!

Ah, that I could remodel man!
I'd end these cruel pains
By fitting on a different plan
From that which now obtains.
The stomach, greatly amplified,
Then would occupy
The all of that domain inside
Where heart and lungs now lie.
But first of all, I should depose
That diabolic curve
And author of my thousand woes,
The pneumogastric nerve!
—*Chicago News.*

Song of the Grip.

Last night, in sorrowful plight,
With eyelids swollen and red,
A newspaper fellow sat trying to write,
When he ought to have been in bed.
Sneeze! Sneeze! Sneeze!!!
In spite of each medical tip,
And still in a voice pathetic and hoarse,
With many expressions decidedly coarse,
He sang the Song of the Grip!

"Sneeze! Sneeze!! Sneeze!!!
Vainly I try to compose,
And sneeze! sneeze!! Sneeze!!!
Alas for my suffering nose!
It's oh! for space in the sea
One hundred fathoms below,
For there will be no rest for me
Till I'm sent where all editors go!"

'Mid ink and paper and pens,
Pens and paper and ink,
He sat last night a-trying to write,
But his heart was beginning to sink,
Sneeze! Sneeze!! Sneeze!!!
In spite of each medical tip,
And still in a voice pathetic and hoarse,
With many expressions decidedly coarse,
He sang the Song of the Grip!

Good Advice.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, if
taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Lives of great men all remind us—
If we would be really wise,
Leaving all the past behind us
We should daily advertise.

Business now-a-days needs pushing;
If we wish to sell our wares
Advertise, then you'll go flushing
Quickly up the golden stairs.

Now's the day, and now's the hour, when
You get value for your dimes,
Business men with ten-horse power, then,
Should advertise in the TIMES.

Tumble to it, advertising
Is the surest way to win
What your hearts have set a prize on,
Namely, money, lots of tin.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

And the bloated face in the mirror gave me no hint or suggestion that could in any way explain to me why Mina did not come. Even a mirror could not make me see myself, and, feeling no responsibility but bitter rebellion against her, I found the sentiment of satisfaction, and, with it, consoling myself, I determined to go to the gallery and see those wonders of art; those wonders of art which the critic had so superlatively praised.

I was early in arriving and the gallery was large, but already a crowd had gathered about the paintings. The door keeper frowned as I approached the gate, but I held the money in my hand where he could see it, and, like the world he represented, he yielded to the temptation and let me pass. My franc as it fell into the box returned a curious melody to my ears. Dearly had I earned it in painting those pictures, and now it was going back again into the pictures to stay, by a franc's worth, the closing post of the last figure of the dance of Death for me. But what did it matter?

As I entered the throng pressing toward the paintings, many a stranger drew away from me in disgust. There were artists there eager to gain what they could of valuable hints from those greatest productions of the day; but they shrank from me with a loathing shudder. There were gold-lined celebrities there, coming to purchase, muttering to themselves the various amounts they would offer to possess those artistic triumphs of the age; but they started in horror when they found themselves near me, and for a moment they forgot their estimates. Fair women of Paris cringed as they looked at me and turning hurried on that, in the marvellous beauty of Anthony Winthrop's work, they might forget that ghastly sight they beheld in me. Little children cast frightened glances toward me and pressed closer to those who had brought them there, in order that they might say, long years afterward, that they, too, had once looked upon the greatest works of the the artist whose name, at that moment, at least, was the most celebrated n the world; but, better than the paintings and longer, I think, those little ones remembered me! The dealer, as he moved through the admiring throng of satellites, was startled beyond measure at the sight of me and caught me roughly by the shoulder, dragging me away from the paintings that those more worthy to look might, unmutraged, feast their eyes upon the treasures furnished him by Anthony Winthrop's brush.

Glad enough to escape from my surroundings I shrank into a secluded corner and hid myself in the shadows, sitting on a low bench almost concealed by the drapery about the window. After all, I was not so anxious as I thought I should be to see those paintings of Anthony Winthrop's. It was not worth the difficulty of reaching a position near them, and I did not again attempt it, but sat all day upon that hidden bench, till, late in the afternoon, the dealer approached arm in arm with one whom I recognized as a leading banker of Paris. The dealer I had known well in my "palmy" days More than once he had visited Florence as my father's guest, and once he had been there as mine. The banker said to him:

"I do not question the fact that they are the finest figure-pieces that have been produced by modern art, but what I say is, that men of our day are not rich enough and are too sensible to run wild over pictures. I will give sixty thousand francs for those two paintings, delivered at my house to-night; and I warn you, you cannot do better."

The dealer shrugged his shoulders, smiled and shook his head, refusing sixty thousands francs for the labor of three weeks, three days and a night.

A gentleman and lady approached. In the prevailing fashion of the time the lady's face was completely hidden by a thick veil; but, even then, the fear crept over me that, notwithstanding this, a woman's eyes might penetrate my hiding place, and it made me shrink farther behind the curtains, and bury my face behind my hands, in the hope f hiding its hideousness. The gentleman said:

"Ah! and I understand that you wish me to make you an offer upon the same terms," said the gentleman, a little scornfully. "Very well, I will make it. I will give you sixty thousand francs apiece for the paintings after you have exhibited them one month."

"A hundred and fifty thousand for the two to-night!" exclaimed the banker. "I did not look up but I knew by his voice that the other was smiling as he replied:

"Now, Monsieur, I see where we stand, and I will change my offer. I will pay you two hundred thousand francs for the paintings and you may keep for one year."

"Three hundred thousand francs for them now!" ejaculated the banker.

"The halcyon days of life were coming! The El Dorado of my wildest imagination! The elysium of the earth! The one ambition of my life was this!

"Gentleman," the dealer cruelly interrupted, "you truly appreciate, as I do, that these paintings have a value which is only limited by what one must and can afford to pay for them. Why! why! could I afford it, gentlemen, believe me most sincerely, no one should ever purchase them. Yes, and even now, I am quietly bidding with myself against you. I am saying to myself, for instance, that, to exhibit those paintings for a year will be worth a hundred thousand francs to me, and—"

"Three hundred and fifty thousand francs to close at once!" said the banker sharply.

"Pardon me!" exclaimed the obsequious dealer, growing warm to his subject, and constantly increasing in civility. "What I am saying to myself is really this: "Why can I not, after all, actually arrange to keep those paintings for myself, and by exhibiting them until all Europe has seen them, and then (I quite understand that it would ruin their value for sale) I would have them copied in chrome, plain lithograph and engraving, and, in the end, I actually believe that I should realize more money than I have been offered and yet have the paintings to myself."

"Four hundred thousand francs I will give you, to-night, for those paintings!" the banker ejaculated fiercely; "And while you will sure of your money, at once, you may thank the gods that you are saved the damnably vulgarizing of two noble works of art by having them chromoed and lithographed."

"I will pay you four hundred and fifty thousand francs within an hour," remarked the other deliberately, "and you may reserve the right to exhibit those paintings for one year, and at the end so publish as many copies as you choose, on one condition—that competent judges shall pronounce them worthy of the originals."

There was silence in the little group. Four hundred and fifty thousand francs and the right to copy was the gorgeous sum and total value of three weeks and three days and—No! of my life!

"You are anxious to possess them," the banker muttered with a curse.

"Yes, I am more anxious than you are," was the brief reply.

"Then take them," sounded in a parting snarl as the banker walked away.

"Are they mine?" asked the purchaser.

The dealer's voice was not professionally calm now, as he replied:

"As a rule, envy is so jealous that no copy of any kind shall be made of his high-priced works of art that—pardon me, Monsieur—your very generosity makes me—makes me—"

"Doubt my ability?" asked the purchaser. "The man who bid against me did not recognize my face, it is true; but he will very readily recognize my name and honor my draft for double and treble that amount. Is not that sufficient?"

"For the money? Oh, my dear sir, believe me! For that I had no thought. It is only that the offer you have made destroys for you all money value in your purchase and perplexes me."

"I have not seen the paintings," the purchaser replied, "therefore I was not appraising them at their money value."

"But, my dear sir, you perplex me even more. Now, may God forbid that I offend you! Remember that I am standing here, hesitating to accept the largest profit that was ever realized upon two works of a living artist, for I would willingly sacrifice it—though it left me to beg my bread—before I would do an unkind or discourteous act to Anthony Winthrop. That is my trouble. Let me explain it, if I can, without offending you. If M. Winthrop were dead, these works would be purchased for the Louvre, and there they would be admired by all, with the highest and purest sentiments of the human heart; for among the pure all things are pure. But you know it is evil to him who evil thinks, and if, through my carelessness, these works should slip from me to find a place in such a great gallery as that in the halls of the Jardin Mabille, for which place their having been copied would not injure them but rather enhance their value, I can see that then they would be worth four hundred and fifty thousand francs to become the evil genius of the grand salon. And, Monsieur, I tell you frankly, I would be a beggar all my life before I would see Anthony Winthrop for himself, or as the son of Carlo Winthrop, so disgraced."

Anthony Winthrop! A man thus defended by a comparative stranger! A man whose unbounded possibilities, unlimited facilities, abundant resources centering in that arrogant Utopia—self! culminated in the shivering drunkard, cringing in the corner, lest the eyes of one of God's creatures should penetrate the shadows and be defiled by resting on him.

"What is it then that you ask of me?" enquired the customer.

"Simply that you satisfy me concerning the purchaser," replied the dealer, "and that you make the usual contract with high-priced works of art, giving me the right to repurchase at the price paid, if the terms of the sale be violated. It is quite customary, Monsieur, even with works of much less value, to make that contract."

"The contract is of little moment. I will readily consent to it," replied the customer.

"Then, as to the hands into which it is to fall?" queried the dealer.

"Is it in confidence?" the other asked.

"Be assured it is information for myself alone," replied the dealer.

"Very well, Monsieur, I am business manager for this lady, Mlle. Wilhelmina von Steinberg. She is the purchaser."

Gasping I tottered to my feet.

"Vagabond!" cried the dealer, catching me by the throat. "Once to-day I have ordered you out!" He was dragging me to the rear entrance. "Out wish you! Drunken wretch!" he muttered as he thrust me through the open door to fall upon the rough pavement of the dark alley.

He paused for a moment to readjust his dress, then, closing the door upon me, he returned to complete the sale of those paintings upon which he was to realize a fabulous fortune, which he would have sacrificed, though it left him a beggar all his life, before he would do an unkind or a discourteous act to Anthony Winthrop.

CHAPTER XX.

LET ME TOUCH BUT THE HEM OF HER GARMENT.

As he dragged me past my Mina my hand touched the hem of her garment. In hell a drop of water fell upon my lips from over the great gulf, and the result was just as it had been when Mina caught my hand upon the Rhine. It made me think.

Wish what I had accomplished in art Mina was satisfied. She was paying four hundred and fifty thousand francs for the only part of me with which she was satisfied; the only part to which I ever had given a single thought that it should be worthy of her admiration; a single suggestive consolation to the drunkard, lying bruised upon the pavement whither he had been thrust, that he might not pollute the air which she was breathing.

There, on the Rhine, I saw my life, looking forward, in a picture. In Paris, in that wretched alley, I saw a picture, looking backward, in my life; and they were both alike. All my life had been drawing a battle scene, where love, like the water, was all the wrong color, where ambition, the knight in the foreground, was so out of proportion that, when I presented it to Mina, she could not do otherwise than admit that I could do better.

Reaching the miserable apartments, where misery had driven me, I sat down, and for the first time in my life sank into silent and serious contemplation; for, after countless suggestions, it began to dawn upon the dark valley where my self-esteem had built an hermetical fortress, that it was with me and not with my art that Mina was dissatisfied. For the first time I put myself in Mina's place, and, seeing all, I marvelled, just as you have, at my own blindness, bigotry, selfishness, weakness and folly. I saw how each day had driven her farther away from me; how I had bolted the door and wondered that she did not enter; how I had built a great wall between us, wondering that she did not cross it, and now, suddenly, I realized that it was so high and so strong that by no possibility could I ever tear it down, by no possibility could Mina ever come over it.

What a night of revelation it was! In the morning I was ready to marvel at the divine forgiveness that enabled her even to possess those paintings that had come from my forgotten studio, when, with all her heart, she could but loathe me, as, with all my heart, I loathed myself, and, turning fiercely upon me I muttered: "It is you, not Mina, who has done all this!"

Sufficient unto the night was the horrible revelation of it. I will not stir the embers of the fire through which I passed to emerge so offended, disappointed and enraged with what I had been that, though I had no longer any hope of winning even so much as a friendly approval from Mina, there was absolutely nothing left me but to receive, with all the strength that I could find in me, to turn from what I was and do something, anything that should at least be instigated by a desire to do better; but at eight-and-twenty, as I stepped from that old into the unknown new, I was more helpless than that starving boy of fourteen, sitting, shivering under the shadow of the Lorelei.

Gray haired and prematurely old I found no longer a blank behind me, only waiting to be filled out with study, for the future, but a life that was full to the brim with the results of wasted energy, arrogance and shame. I was ashamed to acknowledge, myself as the painter of my pictures. I was ashamed to confess myself as the master of my own name. I was ashamed to disclose myself to friends who might still be friendly. I was ashamed of myself anywhere and everywhere.

(To be Continued).

UNDER A ROUGH EXTERIOR.

How Kindness Begets Kindness—Illustration From Life.

This story is told in the New York *Sun*. It is equally touching, and positive proof so far as it goes that chivalry has its representatives in all classes:

It was a touching story which the late Lord Shaftesbury told of some of the greatest roughs in the East End of London. A young clergyman in one of the most wretched parishes had asked his advice as to how to deal with the terrible human vice and misery of the place. Lord Shaftesbury had counselled him to begin by establishing a ragged school, and had at the same time furnished the necessary funds. The school met with immediate success, but it was impossible, in spite of all the vicar's efforts, to induce the people to come to church, and the young clergyman finally resolved to meet them by preaching in the open air. He selected one of the worst courts and had the benches from the school taken there for his hearers to sit upon, but was dismayed when he came upon the scene to see the front row occupied by a number of the most notorious roughs of the neighborhood, who, he made no doubt, had come to break up the services. To his surprise, however, everything went off quietly, and when the services were over he stepped up to the leader of the gang, told him he had not expected to see him there, though he was very glad to welcome him, and asked what it had brought him. The man said: "Well, sir, you've been very good to our little kids, so I said to my mates: 'Parson's goin' to preach in —— Court on Sunday night. It's a roughish place. Let's go and see fair play.' That's what brought us."

No one can tell what there is under a rough exterior. A minister visiting a hospital spoke to a very rough-looking man pleasantly. The man had been wounded and was in full possession of his mental faculties. Instantly he broke out into uncontrollable weeping. Said the minister, "What did I say that moved you so?" "O," said the man, "it was not what you said; but I have lived in this world forty-eight years, and you are the first person who ever spoke a kind word to me."

Hints for the Enumerators.

St. Catharines *Journal*: As the census enumerators will start out on their pleasant task of numbering the people to-day, we would suggest that they spend an hour in a careful study of that portion of the Old Testament known as Numbers, in which they will find some particulars about the taking of the first census on record. No doubt Commissioner Hoilliwell has carefully drilled his men in their duties, but he should also be anything omitted we cheerfully publish the following hints regarding questions put by Mr. William, vulgarly called Bill Nye, when he was taking the late census in the United States:

1 State your age at nearest birthday. (Honest, now.)

2 Married or single? If so, have you other husbands or wives living, and if so, do you envy them their happiness?

3 Do you come up nights or do you have to be sent for?

4 Are you male or female? If so, what are your reasons for this course?

5. If male, do you attribute it to heredity or to our form of government?

6 What is your salary?

7. Do you draw it at the end of the week or give orders on the cashier before payday?

8. Do you keep a milch cow? If so, has she ever been a mother?

9. Are your parents living, and if so, are they self supporting?

10. Do you make your own soap or buy it at the store?

11. Did you consider your parents during their lifetime as respectable people?

12. If you produce your own soap, would you mind giving the receipt?

13. Have you any good chewing tobacco with you?

14. Have you any hereditary disease which you would like to mention to the American people through the census bureau?

15. Do you keep a dog? If so, state whether it is a plymouth rock or a Cochin China?

16. Are you a believer in a burning hell with a good draught to it, and if so, whom would you like to meet there besides the framers of these interrogatories?

Iron, King of Metals.

Never before in the history of the world has iron in all its various and improved forms been so universally used as at present, and the probabilities of its future were never so brilliant, says the Michigan *Tradesman*. Already it is partially taking the place of wood, stone and other materials in building, and will, without doubt, soon supercede wood and soon for that purpose altogether. Its capabilities of resisting fire, of giving to the human bodies, air, water, heat and cold, and to all other natural influences combined, render its value almost beyond computation. We cannot look about us or walk abroad without observing and acknowledging its wonderful utility in connection with the world's comfort and happiness. Already the ancient tower of Babel fades and pales before the Eiffel tower of steel; and the warships of Cyprus before the floating palaces of steel which traverse every ocean. Already the plans are drawn for a 34 story iron building, to be erected in Chicago. Aluminum, or some of its alloys, embossed in magnificent designs of art, will take the place of our natural woods for internal finishing, giving a luminous appearance and absolute proof against fire. Doors of the same brilliant material will be made to close so perfectly that should the drapery of any room take fire it could be quickly confined there until it burned out all that was combustible. Let us sing the praises of iron, for it is a "joy to the world."

Hints to Old Maids.

Desire is better than apathy.

So long as we crave something, life is worth living.

The pang of hunger is not so cruel as the loss of appetite.

It is unjust and unwise to judge a whole community by one girl because she is the reigning belle. Yet this is what men are doing daily.

The woman heart that does not cry for its true mate, no matter what other joys and ambitions it has in life, by the time it is thirty, is not a natural heart.

The content of such a heart would be more miserable than the misery of discontent which comes from craving what we need and know we could appreciate.

The woman who finds herself satisfied with single life because she has "a paying profession," or because she has read "Tolstoi and Zola," and medical works, or because "her mother passed some lonely moments," must be a curious being. Lungs must supply the place of heart in her breast, tepid water the place of blood in her veins.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Stern Advice.

Albany *Journal*: "Is he really your rival?"

"Yes."

"Great Scott! If I had a rival that looked like that do you know what I would do?"

"No."

"I'd give up the girl."

A petition to the Commons is being circulated in Winnipeg asking that the franchise be extended to women.

Yesterday was the first day of the Epsom spring meeting. The principal event was the great Metropolitan Stakes (handicap) of 15 sovereigns each with 500 added, 2½ miles. It was won by Duke of Beaufort's Ragimunda, Lee's Royal Gem 2nd and Deacon's Maypole 3rd.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. H. E. Clarke said that the practice followed had prevailed for many years, and that hitherto no complaint had been made.

The Speaker read a message from the Lieutenant-Governor recommending the introduction of estimates for 1891, amounting to $300,000.

Mr. White, in resuming the adjourned debate on the budget, said that there was no doubt that the question of the finances of our Province was one of the utmost importance, and one that should be fully discussed and explained so that the people might understand their true position. He would first speak of the expenditure of last year, which he found to be $8,941,116. The receipts had been $8,423,154, leaving an over-expenditure of $517,969. To make up this the Government had to draw from a balance on hand of last year $105,618, from our special deposit $411,742, and from other small items the sum of $9699. The expenditure for 1889, according to the statement of the late Treasurer, was $8,659,856 and the receipts had been $8,558,403, leaving a deficit or shortage of $114,951. The Treasurer, in speaking upon this question, had stated that they upon the Opposition side of the House were given to speaking of these matters as deficits, and he had further stated in his financial speech that when we had some $600,000 in bank he did not see how there could be a deficit. Yet the hon. Treasurer who had recently made his statement would have to admit, according to this way of working, that there was a deficit this year, because he had drawn not only this $600,000, but the sum of $517,000 besides. The hon. gentleman in making his statements, and his predecessor, had both admitted that, notwithstanding that the revenues were beyond what they had calculated upon, they had not been able to administer the affairs within the income of the Province. Hon. gentlemen had always professed a great deal of economy, but their professions had long since vanished.

Mr. Balfour, dealing with the liability of the Dominion to Ontario, pointed out that the Dominion public accounts admitted a debt of $4,837,640 to this Province. The claim of the Provincial Treasurer was only $118,000 more than was admitted by the Dominion. It seemed as if the Opposition were determined to deny all the debts of the Dominion to this Province. The Interest on $4,837,640, the admitted debt of the Dominion to the Province, at 5 per cent, would be $240,000 per year. The assets of the Province might properly have included the sum of $600,000 which had been expended on the Parliament grounds and buildings. He believed that the sale of the old site would more than pay for every cent expended on the new Parliament buildings. It was said the Province of Ontario was joining in a raid on the Dominion for increased subsidies. Who was it that had always opposed increased subsidies? The Liberals. Ever since Confederation the Conservative Government had been violating the terms of Confederation for the purpose of giving large subsidies to the other provinces. Ontario had been bearing the lion's share of the taxation, and had not received the lion's share of the subsidies. It was better that there should be a finality in this matter. He believed Ontario had a right to claim reimbursement for the $6,000,000 she had spent on railways since Confederation. He was not surprised at the remarks of the member from North Essex, who had preached an annexation propaganda at Detroit and Toledo. He was surprised to hear the ultra-loyal member for Toronto (Mr. H. E. Clarke) declare that Canada was educating young men for the United States. Why, if anyone on the Liberal side had made such a statement he would have been branded as a traitor.

Mr. Cleary, as a new member, felt reluctant to press his views upon the House, but felt encouraged in doing so by the fact that the junior member for Toronto (Mr. Tait) had shown no special modesty since entering the House. The Government was proud of their new Treasurer, and also felt proud of him, because that gentleman was one of his constituents. He thought the new Treasurer would make an efficient member of the Cabinet if he was not tampered with by the wicked partners. (Applause.) He was not surprised at members of the House defending the liquor licensing system, because many of them owed their election to the fact that the liquor traffic was worked, and worked well, for the Government. In administering the Scott Act the Government abused their powers to such an extent that the people were compelled to repeal the measure. In concluding, he said he had faith in the Province of Ontario, and believed it would yet realize the great destiny which providence had marked out for it.

Mr. Waters agreed that the question of French in the schools was not dead and buried. It would not be dead and buried until all the people who used French were dead or were willing to give up their language. The charge that there had been trucking to the Roman Catholic Church was dead, and after the verdict of the people he apprehended that no more would be seriously heard of it. It was the policy of the Government that in every school in Ontario the English language should be taught, and that policy had met with the approval of the people. He was willing to acknowledge that the total expenditure had exceeded the total receipts, but that was justified from the position of the Province. He then moved the adjournment of the debate and that it stand as the first order of the day for to-morrow.

The Speaker read his decision on the question raised a few days ago in connection with the petition from Sheriff McKellar, of Hamilton.

INTRODUCTION OF BILLS.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time:

For the relief of the estate of the late William Dunn—Mr. Tait.

To incorporate the Toronto Transfer and Warehousing and Railway Company—Mr. Tait.

To amend the Act incorporating the Toronto Financial Corporation—Mr. Tait.

Respecting the Weston, High Park & Toronto Street Railway Company—Dr. Gilmour.

To incorporate the Tilsonburg Spur Line Railway Company—Mr. McKay (Oxford).

To amend the Ontario Insurance Act—Mr. Gibson.

To amend the Assessment Act—Mr. Guthrie.

To amend the Parry Sound Colonization Railway Company's Act—Mr. Sharp.

To incorporate the Niagara Falls Electric Railway Company—Mr. Tait.

Respecting the Profession of Stenographers—Mr. Ross.

To authorize the Supreme Court of Judicature of Ontario to admit George McGregor Gardner to act as a solicitor—Mr. Tait.

Respecting the City of Toronto—Mr. Tait.

To incorporate the Fort Arthur and Fort William Railway Company—Mr. Tait.

THE ST. CATHARINES BILL.

Mr. Hiscott moved for leave to introduce a bill entitled an Act respecting the City of St. Catharines.

Mr. Fraser said this was one of those bills of which sufficient notice had not been given, and the Standing Orders Committee had recommended that the rule requiring notice be dispensed with. He took the point of order that until the report of the committee was adopted the bill could not be proceeded with.

The speaker reserved his decision.

SECOND READINGS.

The following Bills were read a second time:

Respecting St. George's Society of Toronto.

To consolidate the debt of the Town of Cornwall.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Mr. Tait—Bill to amend the Municipal Act.

Mr. Robillard—Bill to amend the Street Railway Act.

Mr. White—Bill to amend the Municipal Act.

The motion that the House go into supply was declared carried, and the committee went into supply, passed an item, and rose.

After Recess.

The following bills were read a second time:

The amend the Act respecting dentistry.

Respecting the federation of the University of Toronto and University College with other universities and colleges.

To amend the law as to barristers and solicitors in certain cases.

The House went into Committee of Supply.

Mr. Meredith wished to know the reason of the vast increase in the estimates in the Immigration department from $5,800 to $10,000.

Mr. Dryden replied that $1,000 was asked for an allowance for maps, circulars, and illustrated. The maps and illustrations were distributed in England as well as in this country. An additional increase was an item of $2,000 to encourage new settlers on Rainy river.

Mr. Meredith asked whether the election speeches of the hon. gentleman on the disallowance of the Free Grant act would be sent out with the circulars and literature.

Mr. White wished to know how the item of "incidentals" had increased from $1,300 to $9,200.

Mr. Dryden replied that much of it was for transportation services for immigrants, many of whom would go into the country but had not the means.

Mr. Meredith thought the Department of Public Works hardly did its duty towards Osgoode Hall. The west wing should be painted the same as the east.

Mr. Fraser—We intend to do that this year.

The speaker laid upon the table a certificate of election of the member elected to represent South Grey.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time:

To amend the Municipal Water Works Act—Mr. McKay (Oxford.)

To amend the Street Railway Act—Mr. Robillard.

Respecting liens for labor on logs and timber and the payment of wages—Mr. Hardy.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) asked in the absence of Mr. Monk, is it the intention of the Government to take any steps for the purpose of extending the benefits of the Torrens system of land transfer to other counties of Ontario on the same terms as the system was introduced into the city of Toronto and County of York.

Mr. Mowat replied that the terms are the same for the whole Province as they are with reference to Toronto and York. The Land Titles Act, under which the system was introduced into Toronto, placed every county and town in the Province on the same footing with a slight difference. The county or town wishing to adopt the system must pass a by-law to that effect and provide the necessary accommodation. In the case of Toronto and York the system was applied without the passage of a by-law, as the Government desired to give an example of its practical working. It was also provided that the expense should be borne out of the public treasury and in return the Government should receive the fees of office. The Act was passed in 1885, and during the first four years the cost of maintenance of the system in Toronto and York had shown a deficit of $4,600 as compared with the receipts. Since 1889, however, there had been surplus aggregating $4,200, leaving an actual deficit of but $331. This would soon be more than made up for and the office would yield a revenue. The system was also applied to five outlying districts, and was left to the counties, cities and towns to adopt it at their option.

Mr. McLaughlin moved that, in the opinion of this House greater local facilities should be given to farmers' sons by which they could secure a better education in their own calling than is afforded them under the provisions of the law as it now stands. He considered this was a very important question. A wealthy Province like Ontario should look well after the farmers, as upon them depended every branch of commerce.

Mr. Ross, in reply, quite understood his hon. friend presenting the views he did, representing a rural constituency. It seemed to him a familiar theme, and certainly was one of great importance.

The remarks of the hon. gentleman would apply with almost equal force to every other calling in the land. It might be said, what were the Government doing for the education of the laborer, the mechanic, the blacksmith, or the seamstress? The laborer was not instructed how to handle his pick and shovel, nor was the blacksmith taught how to wield his hammer. What he (Mr. Ross) did object to mainly, perhaps he should say firstly, was that this resolution did not recognize the great principle that elementary education was purely fundamental, and that what was useful to the farmers was equally useful to those engaged in any other calling. Agricultural education in the Public schools would be misplaced.

Mr. Whitney said it was generally understood that the results from the Agricultural College had not been as satisfactory as was expected.

Dr. Willoughby disclaimed any opposition to the Guelph Agricultural College. It was unjust on the part of the Government to impute such feelings to the Conservatives. He, nevertheless, sympathized with the proposal to localize agricultural instruction.

Mr. Awrey considered this discussion was simply a direct bid on the part of the Opposition for farmers' votes. Had the Conservatives been as anxious before the 5th of March to remove the burdens of the farmers, that class might now be in a better position. The charge that the lecturers sent out by the Farmers' Institute were not practical men was not well founded. Those gentlemen were some of the most eminent and best qualified in the profession of agriculture. It was not the fault of the Government that so many young men left the farms. The system now adopted was to keep the dull boys on the farm. This should be changed. The clever boys should be kept on the farm and the dull ones sent to become preachers, doctors and lawyers. The Government had used every effort for the benefit of the farmers. It was not right that the farmers should ask for special favors. All they wanted was a fair field, and by their own energy and thrift they would succeed.

Mr. Clancy thought the farmers thought and rightly, that there should be a larger representation of farmers in the Cabinet. Was it a request in which they were justified.

Mr. Awrey—I think so. I think so. (Laughter.

Their Craft is in Danger.

Toronto *Telegram* (Tory): Protected manufacturers on both sides of the line have no mortgage on the tariff advantages that enrich them.

In the United States the Republicans may have to throw the infant industries overboard to avoid being thrown over themselves. In Canada the Government has squeezed about all the political profit out of the manufacturers that they will yield, and to save itself it may have to sacrifice its industrial backers.

Then where would the manufacturers look for help?

Not to the Liberals. That party has finally espoused agriculture and must champion its cause. Our tariff lords would have to stick to Sir John, who might scatter a few crumbs among his old benefactors. Crumbs would be a poor substitute for the whole loaf, but since the industrial league could not get a crust from the Grits it would have to be thankful for small favors from Sir John.

Of this the manufacturers may be sure that no remembrance of past kindness will palsy Sir John when it pays him to strike them in the pocket. The veteran may raise his aged arm, but politically he has neither heart nor memory, and the path of profit is the road he will take, even if he has to forsake the infant industries he has nursed.

Caustic.

Chappie (with his new spring suit)—Don't you think this suit—ah—a twifle too light faw—me complexion?

May Cutting—Yes, but it accords with everything else so perfectly I wouldn't mind a little thing like your complexion

He Had Provided for That.

Jack Meadows—I want a plain ring.

Jeweller—Would you like a filled one?

Jack Meadows—No. Give me an empty one. I know a girl that will fill it exactly to my notion.

The doctors of Berlin have agreed that in future their coachmen shall wear white hats, so that the doctor's carriage may always be immediately distinguished and the public enabled to summon medical aid from the streets in urgent cases.

London's street accidents from fast driving have caused the suggestion that no driver be allowed under 18 years of age.

—Here is an illustration of true Hindoo politeness from Lady Dufferin's journal: A judge who was a very bad shot had been out for a day's sport, and on his return the man who went out with him was asked: "Well, how did the judge shoot to-day?" "Oh," he replied, "the judge shot beautifully, but God was very merciful to the birds."

Fortman—Has Thompson married his typewriter yet? Van Loer—No; he was going to, when his cook threatened to leave. Fortman—What had that to do with it? Van Loer—Nothing, only he married the cook!

—At Wilmington, Del., yesterday, Miss Ellen Bayard, youngest daughter of the ex-Secretary of State, was married to Count R. A. Lavenhaupt in the presence of about 100 guests. The happy couple went at once to their Wilmington home, dispensing with a bridal tour.

DEFECTIVE VISION.

What Causes it and How it May be Guarded Against.

It is just 600 years ago since pocketspectacles were first invented, and it can be asserted that at no time in their lives they been so generally worn as at present. Formerly they were worn only by the aged; now it is quite common to see the young and even little children wearing the universal adjunct to the windows of the soul.

Why so many children should require glasses nowadays is often a matter of discussion, and to arrive at a definite conclusion on the subject requires consideration. There certainly cannot be any doubt that many children in former times required glasses just as much as they do to-day, but with the advancement of science and the opportunities which we have for acquiring knowledge, this subject, like all others, is now better understood, and where any defects or imperfections in the body are discovered the remedy is speedily applied (if possible).

Besides being inherited defects and imperfections (for which we are not responsible) there are others which are acquired and are brought on by a misuse of the eyes (for which we are responsible). To these we would particularly refer and endeavor to point out both cause and effect, which we trust may serve as a beacon of light to warn others of the danger.

Children of tender years, when first they begin to look intently at near objects (*i. e.*, to read or write), often acquire some of the most serious defects of vision. This is more especially the case when the eyes are found to be unequal in focus, or when the eyes are not quite normal, the result being that the weakest eye frequently turns inward, causing strabismus or squint, and a gradual loss of vision in the affected eye, or the other eye, being unable to see clearly, will hold the object too near the eyes, thus causing myopia, or near-sight, which, unless speedily and perfectly corrected, will go on increasing until the age of 27.

A few illustrations will best explain the the causes and effects of bad sight in children.

A bad light; a small print; a difficult lesson. The boy hopes to get the Latin Grammar into his head by putting his head into the Latin Grammar. He is doing his best without knowing it to make himself short-sighted for life, and is very likely to succeed.

Five o'clock in the afternoon. "Too soon to light the lamp." The good boy will not waste his time; he learns his lessons by fire light. Perhaps, however, it is the good book which he is reading, but "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Boys' Own Book." If so, it is all the worse, for he is less likely to put it down.

Too much attention could not be given to this important subject by parents, teachers and all those concerned in the instruction of the young. Parents should make it their business to ascertain whether their children's eyes are right or not. Teachers should see that the light, the construction of the desks and the position of the body are just what is required for all these are essential, not only to the preservation of the sight, but as a preventive to disease.

As a safeguard against the prevalence of bad sight in children, we would suggest that before entering on the duties of school they be required to undergo certain simple tests, which should be on the wall of every school-room.

The loss of our sight is the greatest affliction that can befall us, and when we come to understand the wonderful mechanism of the eye and the injustice done to it, we cannot but wonder that more people do not lose their sight. Let those who have perfect sight see to it that it is preserved, and those with imperfect vision see that it be made perfect before it be too late.

The English soldiers in the Soudan were supplied with St. Jacobs Oil.

The Leprosy Scourge.

Dr. Smith, in his report on the Tracadie Lazaretto, states that there are eighteen victims of leprosy, eight males and ten females. Only one is in an advanced stage. The others are able to walk about. Five died during the year, and four new patients were admitted, all from the new focus of leprosy found last year in Gloucester county, New Brunswick. The disease appears to have disappeared from the Tracadie settlement, long prolific in new cases. Two suspected cases in a backwoods settlement are still at large, as well as two others living at Lake Anslie, who refuse to be examined, and there is no law empowering enforced examination. There is one victim in Cape Breton, but sufficiently isolated.

Why Girls Can't Throw Stones.

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body and the forearm at an angle of forty-five degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakeable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar-bone in the feminine anatomy is some inches longer, and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. The long, crooked, and inward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

A Good Combination.

Reporter—Here is my account of the wedding of that Boston man to the Chicago girl

Editor—Have you put a head on it?

Reporter—Certainly. "Pork and Beans."—*Judge.*

In a Hurry.

New York *Herald*: Friend—May is an unlucky month to be married in. Why don't you wait for June?

Miss Fanse, a prospective bride who has waited a number of Junes—But May comes before June, dear.

The devil can't understand the stingy man, but he likes his ways.

Navigation has opened on Lake Champlain.

In the New York dry goods shops both male and female clerks are compelled to dress in black or very dark clothes. A salesman who appeared in a gray suit would be sent home to change it.

The Queen of Spain is said to be labor ing under a mania or hallucination that she will some day come to want, and she is therefore laying away every penny she can rake and scrape. She even borrows small coins of the pages about the place and forgets to repay them, and the other day she was caught selling 14 pairs of her old shoes for 4 cents a pair.

A movement is on foot to erect a simple memorial of some sort in honor of Miss Sewell, the author of "Black Beauty," in order